

Multitudes of persons, living in all parts of our extended country, are with you, to day and here, in spirit, my friend,

I have come hither under a strong impulse of duty, and of grateful regard, to join my grief and tears with yours as you bear to the grave the mortal remains of Charles C. Burleigh. I have long known him. I not only honored him for his absolutely manly spirit, for his early and constant devotion to the highest & noblest ends to which human powers can be devoted, but I loved him for his sincere, generous, affectionate nature, and for his truth and kindness in friendship. I cannot doubt that in this company I meet but one sentiment, - and that is, one of no common strength, - a sentiment of love and of honor, for his own sake and for his works' sake. For Charles C. Burleigh, a sense of personal loss and of bereavement hard to bear, in his sudden & startling death.



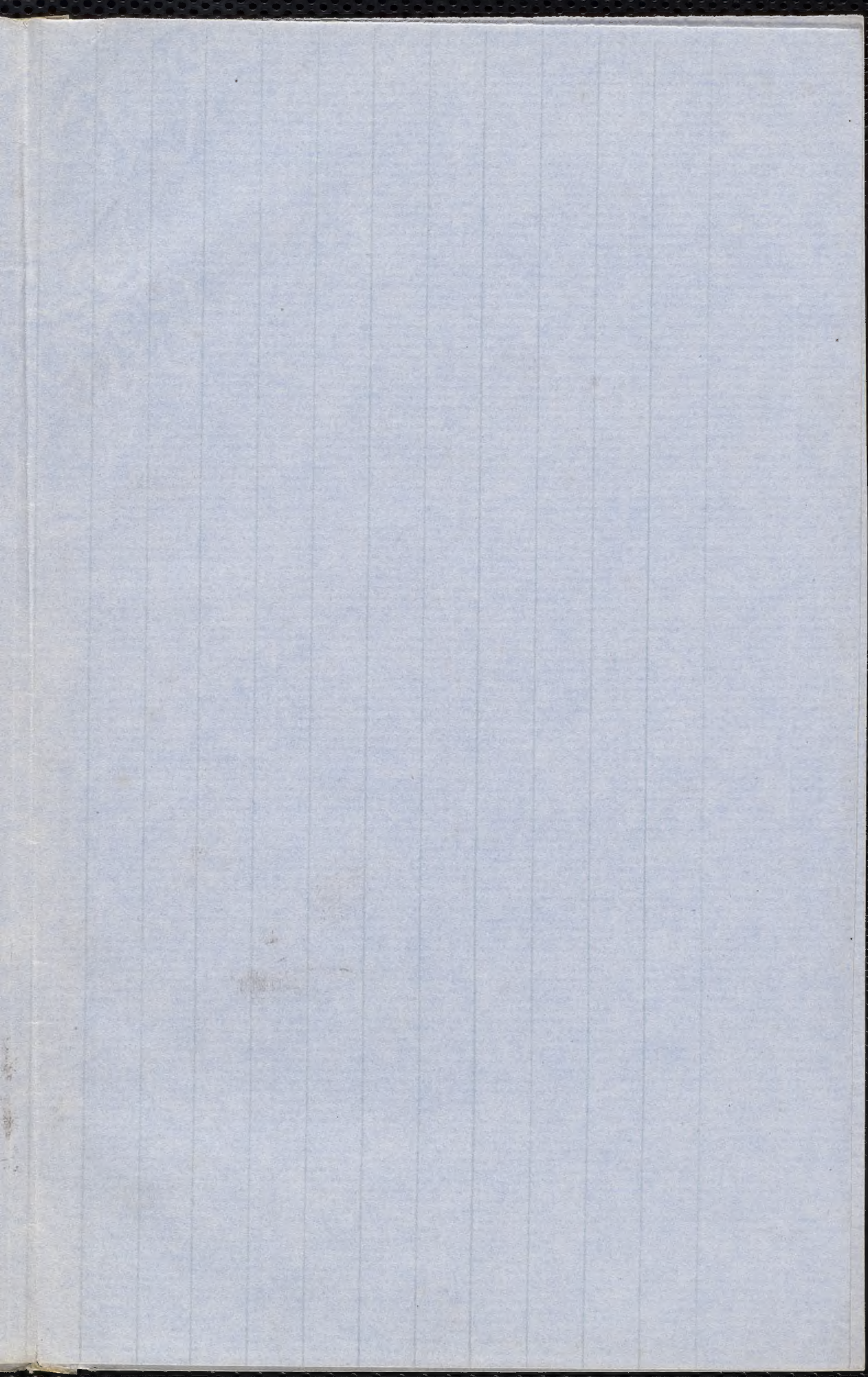
Handwritten notes in the bottom right corner, possibly a signature or date, including the word "March" and "1897".

How hard to bear is the manner
of the death! How premature his
going seems! How hard to spare him,
and how loth we are to give him up!

Less than 68 years of age, with mind
vigorous, ^{with physical powers unabated,} with abundant work before
him, the hearts of people warming to
him and his words, why, we ask,

could not he have come to Bryant's
— or even more — service
84 years of service, so much needed

in our country, where such laborers
are ~~so~~ few? He, we say, always
self-possessed, always vigilant, never
heedless, never neglecting the lesser
matters of duty any more than the
larger, who has travelled his hundred
of thousands of miles upon railroads,
now to have fallen a victim in a
single moment, ^{almost at his own door,} by a single mis-step
as it were, — it is too hard, too much,
how can we be reconciled to it?



ms. B. 1. 6 v. 13. p. 54

